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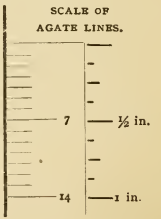

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NOTES ON THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

II.

THE occurrence of features which I, for one, can explain on no other hypothesis than that the actors inserted whatever they pleased, impresses me as more frequent in this play than in any other I have critically studied. The use of hyphens, parentheses and bracket marks throughout all the first folio text, even if utterly senseless from any reader's standpoint, may have been the careless following of copy by the compositors, of pencil marks made by actors in their lines to note where an emphasis, slur, or gesture was to be attended to in their delivery; or, indeed, the hyphen and bracket marks may have been used by the compositors for spaces, in their imperfect fonts. But the local allusions certainly must have been the work of the actors. It seems elementary to remark that trifling matters like the creating of a few extra knights at the court, or the first appearance of hackney coaches, should have been seriously lugged into a play 'by the head and shoulders' a quarter of a century after their occurrence.

The appearance of Fenton in entirely different places in the two versions, and the consequent confusion, can hardly be charged to the stenographer, since this character always comes later in the quarto than he is due to take his appropriate part in the action. In the quarto Page objects to Fenton as a son-in-law because 'he is wild'; in the folio adding that he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins. This emendation looks to me like an actor's, rather than the dramatist's reminiscence. Nor would a stenographer have been likely to invent a text for the duplicated letter. Instead of closing with the poetical—

By me,
Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight.
John Falstaff.

he must have taken the liberty of cutting it off as curtly as a lawyer's notice to pay up or be sued, 'Yours, Sir John Falstaff.'

The 1602 version barely indicates a point for the reading of these duplicate letters and the discovery of their identity: nor, except the words 'I'll match you letter for letter,' that they are supposed to be identical. This may have been left to the actors themselves: since doubtless an actor was selected as much for his power of improvising in the spirit of the sketch placed in his hands, at least, as for any other merit.

Mrs. Page now gives an inkling of the legal bent of her mind by saying that her letter, although a twin, will not raise a point of law as between twins which shall inherit first.

It is a small discrepancy that Nym (whose part is little else) gets in allusions to his 'humor' irregularly: for the point was, probably, to get it in as often as possible; but a serious one when Pistol, in the 1602, after being refused the usual small loan, says, 'I will requite the sum in equipage' (*i. e.*, work it out), and, in 1623, 'then is the world mine oyster, which I with sword will open.' When Quickly comes with her messages from the 'Merry Wives' to Falstaff there was the conventional 'business' of the garrulous old go-between, retailing (like Juliet's nurse) the lovers' messages in exasperatingly small doses to the impatient listener. But it is only in the 1623 version that we have any competent dialogue to illustrate this 'business.' In the course of the interview with Brooke, Falstaff asks, 'Of what qualitie was your love, then?' and Brooke answers, 'I' faith, sir, like a fair house set upon another man's foundation.' The reviser in 1623 explains by adding, 'So that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.' This smattering of legalism in a quarto to be explained in a folio becomes a phenomenon worthy of considerable

pause, when, in IV, ii, a speech of the 'Merry Wives' in 1623 is again so amended. But it is a phenomenon which requires more extended attention than can be afforded within present limits, and I have given it some speculative consideration in another place.*

In preparing for Falstaff's second punishment, our 'Merry Wives,' whom we already know as the wittiest, pose as the wisest of their sex, conversing, if not like philosophers, yet like attorneys and counsellors-at-law, or at least conveyancers in good practice.

Mrs. Ford.—What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page.—The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste attempt us again.

'Fine and recovery' was a procedure devised by the old lawyers, the very simplest description of which would be a wearisome formula to a modern practitioner, but which could hardly have been very familiar to the ladies of sixteenth century England, unless, indeed, the dames of Elizabeth's day were enamored of the dusty subtleties of the common law. A suggestion that allusions like these were inserted to enhance the attractiveness of an already popular play appeared to be impossible. But the *Merry Wives of Windsor* seems to have been not the only dramatic matter of that date that was to be simplified by the like recondite explanations. It happened that in the 1603 version of *Hamlet*, Prince Hamlet, holding what may have been the skull of a lawyer, soliloquizes:—

> Where be your quirkes and quillets now,
> Your vouchers and double vouchers?

But in 1623 the same revising hand we have traced in the present play, not only added 'fine and recovery' to the above, but extended the inventory of the contents of the skull to embrace 'cases,' 'tenures,' 'actions of battery,' 'recognizances,' 'indentures,' and the like; even going so far as to reconstruct the great soliloquy on death and the land beyond on strictly legal lines and precedents. When we remem-

* *Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism.* Chapter VI.

ber that the *Hamlet* and the *Merry Wives* are not so far removed from each other in point of printers' dates as their internal evidence might suggest, the similarity of their judicial revision seems somewhat peculiar.

Concluding their interview, Brooke says, in answer to Falstaff's query why he should wish another man to enjoy the object of his own desires, 'By that means I should be certain of that which I now misdoubt.' In the 1623, however, it is a speech of some fifteen lines, embracing a rather complicated justification of the paradox.

Act III opens with Evans at the false rendezvous, wiling away his time by singing a snatch of Marlowe's *Passionate Shepherd* (already included in the Jaggard collection called *The Passionate Pilgrim*): which, however—just as Friar Tuck, remembering his cloth, changes his bacchanal into the miserere—he turns rapidly, at the approach of Simple, into a fragment of a paraphrase of the 137th Psalm:—

> When we did sit in Babylon
> The rivers round about,
> Then in remembrance of Si-on
> The tears for grief burst out.

Another popular ballad, 'Fortune my Foe,' Falstaff himself alludes to at III, iii, 54. The first line ran, 'If Fortune thy foe were not Nature thy Friend.' It is mentioned in the newly discovered first part of *The Return from Parnassus* (1597–1601).

> *Studioso.* How now, Philomenus? what, singinge *Fortune my foe.*
> *Philomusus.* If sorrow laye on me her worst disgrace,
> Give sorrow leave sadd passions to embrace.

The parallellization here shows displacements and new speeches entirely too violent and extensive for assignment to any stenographer. When Mrs. Page says, 'I cannot tell what the dickens his name is,' she is borrowing from Heywood, *Edward III* (1600); nor did Shakespeare again use, in the quartos or anywhere else, this phrase, which is certainly familiar enough to English ears.

The first scene of Act IV in the 1623 text is an interpolation entirely foreign to any purpose, plot or suggestion of the comedy. A lad called William is put through his Accidence by Parson Evans,

in the regulation methods of the elementary education of the period. Indeed, as I have shown elsewhere,* the exercise as given here—far from being travesty—is an almost verbatim transcript from the daily routine of an Elizabethan grammar school.

Such allusions as we have in the plays apparently confirm this general impression of fear or distaste in the unfortunate pupil. For example: 'towards school with heavy looks'—*Romeo and Juliet,* II, ii, 157—'to sigh like a schoolboy that has lost his A, B, C'—*Two Gentlemen of Verona,* II, i, 22—'a domineering pedant o'er the boy'—*Love's Labour's Lost,* III, i, 171—'most villainously, like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church'—*Twelfth Night,* III, ii, 80—(we are assured that at one time, during repairs, the Stratford grammar school vacated its premises, and temporarily held its sessions in the parish church; but this I am not able to verify)—'the whining schoolboy . . . creeping like snail unwillingly to school'—*As You Like It,* II, vii, 145—'whom, like a schoolboy, you may overawe'—*1 Henry VI:* I, i, 36—'schoolboy's tears'—III, ii, 116—though this may merely mean childish tears.

Except for the rather broad comments of Mrs. Quickly, there is nothing from which to infer—what may however be suggested as a possible explanation for the scene—that, having already utilized this comedy to revenge himself on Sir Thomas Lucy, Shakespeare proposed closing up at once his entire Warwickshire account by paying his compliments to the criss-cross rows and birchen rods of Stratford school. Little besides flogging was done in grammar schools of the period, and schoolmasters were nothing if not terrible to their pupils.

It seems not unlikely that a visit of certain Germans to Windsor, might, from the rarity of such occurrences, have remained long in the memory of the simple Windsor folk. But who saw fit to make it available for this comedy is another matter. Once so utilized, the representation of the foreigners as 'doing' all the local landlords out of their horses was, in those days at least, only a very English idea of aliens.

* Publications of the New York Shakespeare Society. No. 2. *Venus and Adonis. A Study in Warwickshire Dialect.* Pp. 140-145.

If this episode in the quarto, which, like the Lucy allusion and the pedagogue scene in the folio, has no reasonable or possible connection with the plot, was not dragged in for local purposes, it is certainly incomprehensible. A curious volume preserved in the British Museum has this title:—

'A short and true description of the bathing journey of which his Serene Highness Right Honorable Prince and Lord Frederick Duke of Würtemberg and Teck, Count of Mümpelgart, Lord of Heidenheim, Knight of the two ancient royal orders of St. Michael, in France, and of the Garter, in England, etc., etc., lately performed in the year 1592, from Mümpelgart into the celebrated Kingdom of England, afterwards returning through the Netherlands, until his arrival again at Mümpelgart. Noted down from day to day in the briefest manner, by your Princely Grace's gracious command, by your fellow-traveller and Private Secretary. Printed at Tübingen, by Erhardo Cellio, 1602.'

From this volume it appears that the personage so tremendously entitled passed through Windsor under the following pass:—

Whereas this nobleman, Count Mombeliard, is to passe over countrye in England into the Lowe Contryes, these shalbe to wil and command you in his Majestye's name (for suche is his pleasure) to see him fournished with post horses in his travaile to the sea syde, and there to seke up such shippinge as shalbe fit for his transportacions, he *paying* nothinge for the same. For which this shalbe your sufficiente warrante. So see that you faile not hereof, at your perills. From Befleete the 2d Septembre, 1592 (34 Eliz.).

Your friend, C. Howard.

It is difficult to imagine a train so expedited, stealing horses along its course: but the word 'garmombles' seems so broad an allusion to the Prince's incognito of Mombeliard that it is difficult to escape the conclusion that this comedy was performed at Windsor (there would have been no point to the localism at London), and the whole affair, turned into an escapade, brought in for the occasion only.

Bardolph in the 1602 says that the robbery was committed by flinging him into a slough of mire beyond Maidenhead; whereas in the 1623 text the slough is placed beyond Eton; Bardolph adding, instead of the 'and away they ran' of the 1602, 'set spurs, and away like three German devils—three Dr. Faustuses.' This, with the speech the parson adds, that all the landlords of Colebrook, as well as

of Reading and Maidenhead—instead of Brentford and Reading—are victims, are simply variations incident to twenty years of stage rendition.

As originally mounted, the play closes with a merry-making in Windsor forest, in which Falstaff, having somehow made friends with all the rest of the personages, including the husbands he has wronged, obligingly wears horns, while the company dance around him, dressed as fairies are supposed to dress, with torches and a song. The proceeding seems to have been a device to wind up at once the performance and the story by marrying Anne Page to Fenton, while her two other lovers are to elope with boys who personate Anne to them. In the folio this transformation scene is connected with the plot, by making Falstaff's third punishment take place at 'Herne's Oak,' where the Merry Wives have appointed a third tryst, stipulating that he come disguised as 'Herne the Hunter': the fairies—while nevertheless subserving the elopement business—to be a surprise to Falstaff and the instruments of his torture. No hint of this is given by the 1602 reporter. In preparing for this transformation scene, Mrs. Ford sends for 'properties,' using the word still employed to designate stage requisites. The term has twice appeared earlier in the Shakespeare plays (*Taming of a Shrew*, 1594, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, 1600). The scheme of disposing of the personages and winding up the story is conjectured to have been borrowed from the comedy of *Wily Beguiled*, 1597, Fenton corresponding to Sophos, Caius to Churms, Simple to Plodall, and Evans to R. Goodfellow. The character of mine Host of the Garter, Mr. Fleay says is a close copy of that of the Host in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* (1579). Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, in his edition of the comedy, gives several Italian and other novels from which the plot of *The Merry Wives* may have been derived. The purposes of this Introduction are, of course, indifferent to any 'Sources of the Plot.' But I have always wondered that, of all the poets who have ever written, William Shakespeare is the only one to whom creative fancy is denied by his worshippers. Had the 1602 been a short-hand report of the reporter, Falstaff ought to be much obliged to him for his generosity in forgiving him the twenty pounds borrowed

from the peusdonymous Brooke, for while repayment of that sum is insisted on in the folio it is freely forgiven in the quarto. And this same obliging man of short-hand, dissatisfied with the epilogue spoken by three personages non-appearing at the end of the 1623, has substituted an entirely different one in his pirated edition. But our warrant is that he did neither. Our comparison of the two texts leaves no escape from the conclusion that the 1602 quarto is a not over careful transcript of a play which, whatever its merits, was quite a different affair from the first folio comedy. Not only this: the examination adds, certainly, the testimony of one more witness to the cumulative proof that the 'copy' used by Heminges and Condell consisted of such piecemeal play-books and actors' lines as could be borrowed or begged from individual actors; and that the statement that—for its preparation they had received from William Shakespeare his papers, with 'scarce a blot' in them, and that 'as where before' the public 'were abused with divers stol'n and surreptitious copies, . . . even those are now offered to your view, cured and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he conceived them' —cannot be considered as of any value in the premises.

I accept the tradition as to the fourteen days, therefore, because the quarto evinces a play for whose composition two weeks would have been an ample allowance (especially to a writer of the facility which Ben Jonson credits Shakespeare), and because the art of stenography appears to have been not only understood and practised at the time (there is an entry on the stationers' books fourteen years earlier than the quarto, as follows: 'Characterie An arte of shorte, swifte, and secrete writing by character. Inuented by Timothe Bright, doctor of phisike. Imprinted at London by I. Windet, the assigne of Tim. Bright, 1588. Cum priuilegio Regiae maiestatis'), but, upon its invention, to have been promptly utilized for the pirating of plays; as appears by a line of Heywood, of about that date, complaining—

> That some by stenography drew
> The plot—put it in print—not one word true,

of one of his own dramatic productions. There was, to be sure, another method of play stealing. Printers might bribe individual

actors not only to supply their own lines, but memorize the lines of their fellows. Mr. Grant White believed the 1603 *Hamlet* was a so-purloined report of the folio version, and went so far as to select the actor who played Voltimand, as the thief, because the part of Voltimand was letter perfect, and fewer errors occurred in the parts of the actors who were on the stage with Voltimand than in the remainder of the 1603 quarto version. But such a process applied to the *Merry Wives* would, I think, have resulted in a fuller transcript. Besides the discrepancies in this case between quarto and folio are principally in incident and stage business: the variations in the dialogue being not verbal but *en bloc*.

The above are my own reasons for believing the 1602 quarto to be a substantially accurate transcript of the play written by the queen's command, and the 1623 folio comedy a growth therefrom, rather than a monograph of William Shakespeare's.

APPLETON MORGAN.

MERCUTIO.

' A plague o' both your houses!' Well he knew
He had his death-wound; yet a spirit made
For mirth and sparkle could not be afraid
Because, forsooth, a rapier thrust him through.
His happy, steadfast nature, ever true
To friends and honor, through his wit's cascade
Gleamed like a silver rock o'er which still played
The dancing waves of fancy, till Death drew
The flood-gates fast forever. Not alone
Art thou, Verona's ruler, in thy grief;
Nor are thy citizens the only train
Of mourners for him. All the world makes moan.
For, though his sojourn with us was but brief,
His golden fancies ever ours remain.

HENRY M. BELDEN.

Trinity College, Hartford.

WAS IT BACON? *

Dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And give me justice.

—*Measure for Measure*, V, i.

FOR two hundred and forty years after the death of William Shakespeare no one appears to have expressed the slightest doubt that to him and to him alone was due the credit of those wonderful dramas which his contemporaries ascribed to him; within the last thirty years, however, certain persons in this country as well as in America, have challenged Shakespeare's authorship. . .

There is many a person who

Without eyes, sees pathways to his will.

Sir William Drummond gravely maintained that the whole of the Old Testament is allegorical—that a great, if not the leading object of it is to teach a correct system of astronomy, and that the twelve Patriarchs are the twelve Signs of the Zodiac. *Vide Œdipus Judaicus.*

The Rev. George Townsend, D. D., published in 1819 a work entitled 'Œdipus Romanus;' being an attempt to prove that the twelve Cæsars are the twelve Signs of the Zodiac.

The Rev. Dr. Joshua Barnes, the editor of Homer, and Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge in 1695, wrote a poem, the design of which is to prove that King Solomon was the author of the Iliad, and John Durant, a French critic of the sixteenth century, pretended to find all the 'Bible in Homer.' . .

* From a lecture delivered before the Birkenhead and Penrith Literary and Scientific Societies, reprinted here after revision, and by permission of the author.

It has been urged that Lord Bacon induced Shakespeare to lend his name to the plays in question, concealing his own authorship, because a dramatist in those days was not only unpopular but considered disreputable, and therefore an acknowledgment of himself as such would have marred his prospects as a lawyer and statesman, yet we have on record that Bacon openly acknowledged himself the author of certain 'masks,' which were little else than pageantries, and we are also informed that he did not scruple to take a part in their exhibition. But besides all this, the reasons given for the concealment of his name, at the period of the production of these dramas, lose all their force when we call to mind the fact that Lord Bacon's complete works were not given to the world till 1635—nine years after his death, and twelve years after the first folio edition of the plays was published—at a time when all his ambitious schemes were over for ever. But Lord Bacon lived long enough to see the end, and the vast reputation of the plays. . .

The attempt to set up Lord Bacon as the writer of the Shakespearian drama is based mainly upon two propositions. In the first place upon sundry resemblances which are declared to have been noticed between certain words and certain thoughts that occur alike in the undoubted works of Bacon and in various passages of the plays in question; and secondly upon the sufficiency and the character of Lord Bacon's eminent abilities and vast learning.

Upon the first point I must say that it is difficult for me to understand how educated persons can build up, in defiance of every other consideration, such an edifice upon such a slender foundation. Granted that there are really such resemblances—and many more such not as yet noticed might be easily made out—between Lord Bacon and the dramatist—what of that against all the other facts of the story. Is it so impossible that two or more persons of the same country, living at the same period of time, and surrounded by like circumstances and all highly endowed, should now and again fall into similar reflections, even upon identity of words and phrases in giving utterance to their thoughts? Surely if such parallelisms as they are called, prove identity of authorship, then might we fairly credit Lord Bacon or

any other eminent man of the time, not only with the Shakespearian plays, but with a vast array indeed of anonymous publications and unacknowledged plays. . .

Moreover, the passages which show the direct opposite are omitted; as, for example, the contrariety between Bacon's statement about the tides of the Mediterranean and what we find about them in *Othello*. The Moor likens the violent pace of his thoughts to the *compulsive course* of the Pontick sea, which 'keeps due on.' While Lord Bacon tells us in his tract 'on the Ebb and Flow of the sea' that it has only *a very weak course, hardly any* indeed.

There is another noteworthy divergence between Lord Bacon and the dramatist which I must place before you. We know from his own statements that Lord Bacon refused to admit the Copernican or *solar* system of astronomy; he being the sole distinguished scientist of his time who still upheld the Ptolemaic doctrine, that the *earth* was the *centre* of the universe, around which revolved the other heavenly bodies, including the *sun*. Now here is a passage from the dramatist which clearly shows that he held a different view on the subject.—

> The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre,
> Observe degree, priority and place,
> Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
> Office and custom, in all line of order:
> And therefore is the *Glorious Planet Sol*
> In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
> Amidst the other.
>
> —*Troilus and Cressida*, I, iii.

Ulysses is endeavoring to show that the troubles which had come upon the Greeks had resulted from their 'many hollow factions;' and the absence of the General; and compares this officer to the sun, as the person upon whom order and direction were centred. A single instance of such discrepancy between two writings, more forcibly points to two separate writers, than any number of so-called 'parallelisms' or similarities in words and phrases, can possibly indicate a unity of authorship.

The fact is, these worshipers and advocates of Bacon are so carried away by their admiration of the great man, that they have lost sight

altogether of another and a much more important consideration whereby to test the question, and that is the marked difference, everywhere to be detected, between the *style* of Lord Bacon and that of the writer of the plays in question. By style I mean the peculiar combinations of language and of thought which are characteristic of each individual writer.

We all recognize the fact that each person's hand-writing is determinate, because it is governed by the length and shape of his fingers, the flexibility of his wrist, the general conformation of his hand, and still more perhaps by the action of his nerves and the character of his mind. Just in the same way is the style of each author due to the variety of circumstances which are individual to him—such as the language in which he thinks, the ornaments and the similes which he employs,—the form of his phrases,—his peculiar sense of rhythm,—the circumstances and associations of his life,—his education,—his occupations,—the studies which attract him,—and the aims and aspirations which fill up his soul. All these must modify and overrule each man's compositions and render them, like his dreams, individual and peculiar. Take for example the writings of those remarkable men who lived more or less as friends and associates at the end of the last century. Johnson and Addison, Steele, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Burke, Wyndham, etc., and try for yourselves whether these do not differ in the style of their compositions as much as they did in their characters and occupations. Could any person possibly mistake the productions of any one of them for those of any one of the others. Is it not quite easy to see the difference between the ponderous style of Johnson,—the smooth and polished style of Addison,—the crisp and fresh style of Steele, and the sweet musical flow of Goldsmith's diction? Now carry the enquiry a little further, and try whether you can establish any kind of similarity between the recognized styles of Lord Bacon and of the mighty dramatist who the former is pronounced to be! To my mind there is as vast a distance between them as there is between the poles,—not merely in the subjects which severally interested and engaged their thoughts, but in the rhythm and the management of those thoughts, as well as in the illustrations

and the diction they each employed. I will presently give you by way of contrast, several quotations from each of them; but in the meantime let me enforce what I am endeavoring to lay down by the term 'difference in style.' Here are then three quotations upon 'Nature and Art,' each from a different source. The first is from Sir Thomas Brown, a physician living at Norwich, during the reigns of James I. and Charles I.—

Nature is not at variance with *art*, nor *art* with *nature;* they being both the servants of God. *Art* is the perfection of *nature;* were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos; *nature* hath made one world and *art* another. In brief, all things are *artificial*, for *nature* is the *art* of *God!*

Lord Bacon writes upon the same subject as follows:—

There is yet a more subtle deceit which secretly steals into the minds of men; namely, that *art* should be reputed a kind of additament only to *nature*, whose virtue is this, that it can indeed either perfect *nature* inchoate, or repair it when it is decayed, or set it at liberty from impediments; but on the contrary *artificials* differ not from natural in form and essence; but in the efficient only; for man hath no power over *nature* save only in her motion.

Now hear what our dramatist tells us about '*Nature* and *Art*,'—

Perdita. I have heard it said,
There is an *art* which in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.
Polixenes. Say there be;
Yet *nature* is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; so, over that *art*
Which you say adds to *nature*, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an *art*
Which does mend *nature*, change it rather, but
The *art* itself is *nature.*

— *Winter's Tale*, IV, iv.

There is no subject upon which poets have more frequently exercised their fancy than the morning's approach. Let us briefly consider three or four such specimens side by side. We will take first

two lines from Chapman's version of Homer; in the eighth book we find—

> The cheerful lady of the light, deck'd in her saffron robe,
> Dispers'd her beams through ev'ry part of this enflow'red globe.

The next quotation is from Dryden's rendering of Virgil—

> Now rose the ruddy morn from Titan's bed,
> And with the dawn of day the skies o'erspread ;
> Nor long the sun his daily course withheld,
> But added colors to the world reveal'd.

Then we have Tasso's description—translated by Fairfax—

> The purple morning left her crimson bed,
> And donn'd her robes of pure vermilion hue ;
> Her amber locks she crowned with roses red,
> In Eden's flowery gardens gather'd new.

Spenser says—

> Now when the rosy-fingered morning fair,
> Weary of aged Tithon's saffron bed,
> Had spread her purple robes through dewy air,
> And the high hills Titan discovered.

Next, I give you Milton's version—

> Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
> Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl ;

And the morn—

> Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand
> Unbarr'd the gates of light.

The last quotations I produce are from our great dramatist—

> Look ! where the morn, in russet mantle clad,
> Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
> Look what streaks
> Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
> Night's tapers are burnt out, and jocund Day
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

I think you will recognize from these examples the great differences which are to be detected in the treatment of the same subject by different minds. Such differences mark individuality in style ; for

style does not consist in the choice of a subject, but in the peculiar and determinate form in which the subject is clothed. My contention then is that the differences everywhere discoverable between the form and manner of Bacon and those of the Shakespearian writer, are so pronounced, that the two writers cannot be one and the same. The two never approach any subject from the same point of view, never express it in the same way, never fall into the same rhythm, never illustrate it by the same similes. Bacon generally falls into a sort of mechanical, or perhaps I should call it an arithmetical formula, such as the following instances.—

'Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them.' 'Studies serve for delight, for ornament and for ability.' 'Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.' 'Some books are to be tasted, others are to be swallowed, and some few are to be chewed and digested.' 'He tosseth his thoughts more easily, he marshalleth them more orderly, he seeth how they look when they are turned into words.' 'Judges ought to be more learned than witty, more reverend than plausible, and more advised than confident.' 'Give ear to precept, to laws, to religion.' Lord Bacon's use of these triple sentences are endless—but it would be difficult to find such a construction in the Shakespearian plays, where everything is fluent, unstrained, most apt, and absolutely free from mannerisms.

To proceed to the second argument—viz., Lord Bacon's vast literary eminence and variety of talent. . . Lord Bacon was undoubtedly a man of vast intellectual vigor—of unparalleled attainments even in that remarkable era, in spite of his refusal to acknowledge the Copernican system of the universe—but he entirely wanted the sense of poetic fitness and melody. He seems to have had no insight into, or sympathy with, the hidden meaning which lies within all created objects—and never gives expression to any feeling of joy in their natural beauty—all his works evidence this. His *Philosophy,*—his *Ten Centuries of Natural History,*—his *Essays,* by which perhaps he is most widely known,—his *History,*—the *Apothegms*—all indicate this,—utility—mere material human progress is the key to them all.

There does not pulsate a single throb of emotion or sentiment. There is not what may be called soul in them anywhere—merely the physical aspect of all that surrounded him seemed to touch him, whether men or matter—never the metaphysical, the emotional or poetical side of life. He felt not its *meaning!*

Lord Bacon wrote an *Essay on Friendship,*—a dry, consistent, compact disquisition upon the uses and advantages of friendship with a tincture of self-adulation—but he tells us nothing of the 'friendship that makes us fresh,'—of the 'friendship that is the mingling of bloods.' He knows nothing of the 'friendship that never was and never will be false,'—or of 'sweet friendship's oath.' He did not understand the sentiment that—'That I would discover, the law of friendship bids me conceal,'—or, 'To keep thy friends under thy own life's key.' These aspects of friendship spring from the heart, not from the head, and so were unknown to him.

In the Shakespearian plays there are more than eight hundred passages in which the words 'friend' and 'friendship' occur.

Lord Bacon wrote also an *Essay on Love.* This he designates a 'weak passion.' He says—'Great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion,'—again,—'It was well said, that it is impossible to love and be wise,' once more,—'This passion hath its floods in the very times of weakness, which are great prosperity and great adversity; both which times kindle love, and make it more fervent, and therefore show it to be the child of folly. They do best who if they cannot but admit love, yet make it keep quarter and sever it wholly from their serious affairs and actions of life; for if it check once with business it troubleth men's fortunes, and maketh men that they cannot be true to their own ends.'—Now hear what the dramatist says of love.—

> Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
> Love can transpose to form and dignity:
> Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
> And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
>
> —*Midsummer-Night's Dream,* I, i.

Once more—

> Love is not love
> When it is mingled with regards that stand
> Aloof from the entire point.
>
> —*King Lear*, I, i.

Again—

> O most potential love! Vow, bond, nor space
> In thee hath neither, sting, knot, nor confine,
> For thou art *all*, and all things else *are thine.*

Once more,—

> love first learned in a lady's eyes,
> Lives not alone immured in the brain;
> But, with the motion of all elements,
> Courses as swift as thought in every power,
> And gives to every power a double power,
> Above their functions and their offices. . . . . .
> Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
> As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
> And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
> Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.*
>
> —*Love's Labour's Lost*, IV, iii.

There are in the plays upwards of 1900 passages in which love is referred to. The great Lord Chancellor, however, considers it '*a weak passion*' and '*the child of folly*,' that hath its floods in the very times of weakness, which are great prosperity and great adversity. The dramatist calls it 'most potential love,' and tells us

> Prosperity's the only bond of love
> Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
> Affliction alters.
>
> —*Winter's Tale*, IV, iv.

That

> It is as the very centre of the earth
> Drawing all things to it.
>
> —*Troilus and Cresida*, IV, iv.

Is it reasonable in the face of such diverse and contradictory views to pronounce the philosopher and the poet to be identical?

CHARLES H. HIGGINS.

* A half-truth, says Perdita, and adds—

> I think affliction may subdue the cheek
> But not take in the mind. —ED.

THE RISE IN VALUE OF THE QUARTO EDITIONS OF SHAKESPEARE.

The rise in value of the early Quarto editions of Shakespeare has been really marvellous. George Steevens, the celebrated editor of the poet, had a remarkable fine series of these rarities in his library, and they were sold at auction in May, 1800, after his death. In the first column of the table given below, will be found the prices that they brought at that sale; while the prices in the second column are those which were realized for the same editions at the sale of George Daniel's library in July, 1864. The comparison of prices will be found very interesting.

QUARTOS.	DATE.	GEO. STEEVENS' SALE.			GEO. DANIELS' SALE.		
		£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Hamlet	1611	2	2	0	28	7	0
1 Henry IV	1599	3	10	0	115	10	0
1 Henry IV	1608	1	7	0	—	—	—
1 Henry IV	1613	1	2	0	—	—	—
2 Henry IV	1600	3	13	6	—	—	—
2 Henry IV (another copy)	1600	2	15	0	—	—	—
Henry V	1600	27	6	0	231	0	0
Henry V	1608	1	1	0	—	—	—
Richard III	1600	1	16	0	—	—	—
King Lear	1608	28	0	0	29	8	0
King Lear (another copy,)	1608	2	2	0	—	—	—
The Merchant of Venice (another copy,)	1600	2	0	0	—	—	—
The Merchant of Venice	1600	2	2	0	—	—	—
The Merry Wives of Windsor	1602	28	0	0	—	—	—
The Merry Wives of Windsor	1619	1	4	0	—	—	—
A Midsummer Night's Dream	1600	25	10	0	241	10	0
A Midsummer Night's Dream (another copy,)	1600	1	15	0	—	—	—
Much Ado About Nothing	1600	25	10	0	267	15	0
Othello	1622	29	8	0	155	0	0
Richard II	1598	4	14	0	108	3	0
Richard II	1608	10	0	0	—	—	—
Richard II	1615	1	12	0	—	—	—

Richard III. (defective,)	1602	0	10	0			
Richard III.	1612	1	5	0	—	—	—
Romeo and Juliet (a fragment)	1599	0	5	6	—	—	—
Romeo and Juliet	1599	6	0	0	52	10	0
Romeo and Juliet	1609	2	2	0	—	—	—
The Taming of the Shrew	1607	20	0	0	—	—	—
Titus Andronicus	1611	2	12	6	31	10	0
Troilus and Cressida	1609	5	10	0	114	9	0
Pericles	1609	1	2	0	84	0	0
Pericles	1619	0	15	0	—	—	—

J. Parker Norris.

A School of Shakespeare.

For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping.
—*Antony & Cleopatra*, V, ii, 86.

A STUDY OF HAMLET.

Note: The text used in the following elementary notes is that of the Clarendon Press Series, edited by Clark and Wright, edition of 1874.

M. W. Smith.

Miscellaneous References.

ACT I.

(1.) *Scene i, Lines 166, 167.* The beautiful story of Eos or Aurora is suggested. Compare with Spenser's:—

'Now when the rosy-finger'd morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robe through deawy aire.'

and

'As faire Aurora in her purple pall,
Out of the east the dawning day doth call.'

(2.) *ii, 65.* Give the meaning of *kind* in this connection.

(3.) *ii, 108, 109; 132–138.* Is there any way to account for Hamlet's quiet submission to the usurpation of his uncle?

(4.) *ii, 233.* Did a ghost ever have a florid complexion?

(5.) *iii, 7.* Note the poetical beauty and suggestiveness of the metaphor *violet.* Here is a whole picture behind a word.

(6.) *iii, 41, 42.* A fine illustration of Shakespeare's imagination and style. It is an extremely concise statement of the complex idea of unhealthful morning vapors and the tenderness of youth.

(7.) *iii, 70, 71.* In *Euphues* (Arber's edition, p. 39) the following equivalent expression is found: 'Let thy attyre bee comely, but not costly.'

(8.) *iii, 78–80.* This is a fine bit of philosophy.

(9.) *iv, 22.* '*Pith* and *marrow.*' Is there one metaphor too many?

(10.) *iv, 69–74.* Does it conform to Horatio's character to attribute such powers to the ghost? (See also *i, 127–129,* and *140, 141.*)

(11.) *v, 50–52.* Is egotism allowable in a ghost?

(12.) *v, 66, 67.* This passage shows Shakespeare's knowledge of the circulation of the blood fifteen years before Harvey published his theory.

(13.) *v, 76.* '*Blossoms of my sin.*' A very concise expression of the complex idea of spring and youth and maturity.

ACT II.

(1.) *ii, 20, 21; 279–281* (also *III, ii, 302*). Could Hamlet ever have cared much for such persons as Rosencrantz and Guildenstern?

(2.) *ii, 96–104* (also *V, ii, 104–119*). Compare with the language of *Euphues* itself.

(3.) *ii, 171.* Why is the rest of this scene, as far as Hamlet's soliloquy, near the close, in prose instead of verse?

(4.) *ii, 420–429.* These lines illustrate Shakespeare's knowledge of his art and its requirements. So also do *1–41* in *III, ii.*

ACT III.

(1.) *i, 46–49.* A common failing of human nature.

(2.) *i, 90–149.* Why does Hamlet treat Ophelia so harshly in this interview?

(3.) *i, 125–127.* In Lily's *Mydas, I, ii,* the following passage occurs: 'And so many other trifles, as both want the words of art to name them, time to utter them, and wit to remember them.'

(4.) *i, 173, 174.* Although an incoherent metaphor, this passage gives Shakespeare's knowledge of the intimate connection between the brain and the heart.

(5.) *ii, 1–32.* Explain why so many actors have disregarded this advice.

(6.) *ii, 146–147.* A fine illustration of intense love.

(7.) *ii, 155.* Is this so?

(8.) *ii, 157–172.* May not these be the 'dozen or sixteen' lines that Hamlet inserted in the speech?

(9.) *iii, 51–56.* The King was evidently more conscientious than many modern penitents.

(10.) *iii, 57, 58.* This is rhetorical nonsense, but the thought is clear enough.

(11.) *iii, 73–91.* (See also *II, ii, 546–569; IV, iv, 39–44; V, iii, 67–70.*) How does strong intellectuality tend to lack of self-confidence and also of decision of character?

(12.) *iii, 93.* This illustrates Taine's idea of Shakespeare's never seeing anything tranquilly.

(13.) *iv, 23–30.* This is the culmination of the plot. Hamlet imagines that accident has furnished the opportunity he has so long desired. The death of Polonius, by compelling the King to act in self-defense, shuts off all possibility of Hamlet's avenging his father's death by direct means. Hamlet's unfitness for his task is fully demonstrated, and from this on he drifts with the tide of circumstances, becoming a fatalist. Or, question this.

(14.) *iv, 58, 59.* A beautiful picture.

(15.) *iv, 85, 86.* This must have been, as now, a popular idea of repentance.

(16.) *iv, 92–98;* also *IV, v, 109–118,* and *vii, 53–56.* Compare the motives actuating Hamlet and Laertes for the same object.

(17.) *iv, 93–99.* Would it not have been more manly for Hamlet to have said this to the King? Compare with Laertes' speech, *IV, v, 109–115.*

(18.) *iv, 99.* Should the ghost here be seen by the audience? Contrast with other Shakespearian apparitions.

(19.) *iv, 100.* It was time for the ghost to stop this tirade.

(20.) *iv, 107–112.* This is extremely artistic in Shakespeare. Hamlet's strong intellectuality is to be driven to still greater extremes.

(21.) *iv, 146–149.* Is this a bad mixture?—In any author but Shakespeare to be considered nonsense.

(22.) *iv, 157.* Is this sentiment in conformity with Hamlet's character?

(23.) *iv, 197.* How did Hamlet find this out? (See also *IV, iii, 45.*)

(24.) *iv, 210–212.* Compare the motive of Laertes to avenge the death of his father with that of Hamlet.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SHAKESPEARE COURSE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

WHAT is known as the Seminary Course in Shakespeare at this University, was instituted by Professor Moses Coit Tyler, in the second half of the academic year of 1877–78, and has not been materially changed during the ten years that have elapsed since then. From the first the course has been entirely elective and has been open only to seniors, post-graduates, and now and then a special student who showed qualifications for the work. Courses in English Language and Literature, Rhetoric

and Philosophy, extending over the previous years of the curriculum, lead up to this course.

The following regulations are laid down:

1. The class will be divided into sections of not less than twelve nor more than fifteen members each.

2. Each section will meet once a week for two hours to discuss a single play. On Fridays the sections will meet together for an hour to listen to a review, by the professor, of the discussions of the week.

3. The students' exercise will consist of an essay, a critique upon the essay, and an extemporaneous discussion in which every member of the section will be expected to participate.

4. The essay is expected to occupy from thirty to forty minutes. It should be written on thesis paper, and should contain an analysis of contents and marginal references to all authorities used. It must be in the hands of the critic at least a week before the date appointed for the reading.

5. The critique should be a careful review of the essay both as to form and subject-matter. It is expected to occupy from ten to twenty minutes.

6. The second hour will be given to an oral discussion of the papers read, and may include any topic properly connected with the play under consideration. The aim will be to make these discussions as little formal as is consistent with a class-room exercise.

The study proceeds on three lines: (1) historical and descriptive, including sources, editions, growth; (2) æsthetical, including technique; (3) ethical. References are given to the principal authorities on all these points for each play studied. Some two hundred volumes are placed in the West Seminary room of the general library, where they may be freely consulted during library hours by members of the class, who are admitted to this room by special ticket. The McMillan Shakespeare Collection, now numbering upwards of three thousand volumes and pamphlets, is also accessible to students desiring to make more extensive investigations on any topic. The programme for the entire course is announced at the beginning of the semester in order to

give the essayists every opportunity for preparation. The essays not infrequently give evidence of a great amount of special reading and study.

The results obtained from these methods have been most encouraging. During the six years that I have had charge of this work, I have been continually delighted and surprised at the spirit with which the young men and women enter into the study, and at the degree of appreciation and literary sense they exhibit. The great embarrassment felt by the student is lack of time for the subject, and it needs little foresight to predict that most of them will not be content to lay aside their Shakespeare studies at their graduation.

The number of students electing the course has been nearly constant from year to year. The last class numbered forty-one. When one reflects that a large proportion of these become teachers, superintendents of schools, members of school boards, and college professors, one can form some estimate of the impetus here given to Shakespearian study. ISAAC N. DEMMON.

Ann Arbor, Michigan, August 12, 1887.

ELIZABETHAN STUDY AT WILLIAMS COLLEGE.—The recently established Griffin prizes offered in English literature consist of a first prize of $50 and a second of $25, and are open only to members of the Senior class. They will be awarded in part from the record in recitation in the required English; in part from the merit of an original essay of not less than 5000 words on 'Shakespeare's Predecessors;' and in part on the basis of an examination to be held about the first of November upon the following Elizabethan plays:

Marlowe's *Tamburlane, Edward the Second and Faustus.*

Ben Jonson's *Volpone.*

Middleton's *Familie of Love,* and *The Witch.*

Messinger's *New Way to Pay Old Debts.*

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.*

The examination will be reckoned as one half in the assignment of the prize, the essay and the grade in the required English as one quarter each.—*The Williams Weekly.*

The Drama.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other.

—Sonnet XLVII.

Masques and Revels at Gray's Inn.—Under the treasurership of his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, the Honorable Society of Gray's Inn celebrated Her Majesty's Jubilee by reviving one of the ancient masques and revels for which it was famous in the olden time. The Inn has a past of which it is rightly proud. Its history dates from a period whereof it may be said that 'the memory of man runneth not to the contrary,' for there is no record of its foundation as an Inn of Court, although it undoubtedly existed in that character as far back as the early part of the 14th century. Bacon, when Solicitor-General, dedicated his *Arguments of Law* to his 'lovinge friends and fellowes. the Readers, Ancients, Utter Barresters, and Students of Graies Inn.' Among other eminent members were Thomas Cromwell, the great Minister of Henry VIII.; Burleigh, the wise counsellor of Elizabeth; Holt, the Chief Justice; Sir Samuel Romilly, the law reformer; Camden, the antiquary; Rymer, whose *Fœdera* has such a wide reputation; Sir Philip Sidney, Sir William Dugdale, and many more. Mr. W. R. Douthwaite, the librarian and historian of the Inn, states that Bacon not only took great interest in superintending the festivities in hall, but also assisted in the composition of some of the 'Triumphs' which were there presented. The philosopher, in his *Essay on Masques and Triumphs*, writes:—'These things are but toys to come among such serious observations; but yet, since princes will have such things, it is better they should be graced with

elegancy than daubed with cost.' Hall describes in his *Chronicle* an entertainment which took place at Gray's Inn in 1525. The author of the 'disguising' was John Roo, sergeant-at-law. It seems that 'the play was so set forth with rich and costly apparel and with strange devices of masks and morrishes, that it was highly praised of all men, saving of the Cardinal, which imagined that the play had been devised of him. In a great fury he sent for the said Master Roo, and took from him his coif, and sent him to the Fleet, and after he sent for the young gentlemen that played in the play, and them highly rebuked and threatened, and sent one of them, called Thomas Mayle, of Kent, to the Fleet, but, by the means of friends, Master Roo and he were delivered at last.' The *Jocasta* of Euripides was translated into blank verse by George Gascoigne and Francis Kinwelmersh, students of the Inn, and acted in 1566, in which year was also performed *The Supposes*, translated by Gascoigne from Ariosto. On the 28th of February, 1587-8, eight members of the society were engaged in the production of *The Misfortunes of Arthur* for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich. In 1594 Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors* was played. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, in his *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, speaks of Gray's Inn-hall as one of the only two buildings now remaining in London in which any of the plays of the great dramatist were performed in his own time. The revels of the same year are described in the 'Gesta Grayorum, or the History of the High and Mighty Prince Henry, Prince of Purpoole, Archduke of Stapulia and Bernarda, Duke of High and Nether Holborn, Marquis of St. Giles and Tottenham, Count Palatine of Bloomsbury and Clerkenwell, Great Lord of the Cantons of Islington, Kentishtown, Paddington, and Knightsbridge, Knight of the most heroical order of the Helmet and Sovereign of the same, who reigned and died A. D. 1594.' At Shrovetide the Prince and his company entertained the Queen at Greenwich, and after the performance Her Majesty 'willed the Lord Chamberlain that the gentlemen should be invited on the next day, and that he should present them unto her, which was done, and Her Majesty gave them her hand to kiss, with most gracious words of commendation to them, particularly

and in general of Gray's Inn, as an house that she was much beholden unto, for that it did always study for some sports to present unto her.' It is a tradition of the Inn that Elizabeth showed her affection for the society by presenting the oak screen and some of the oak dining-tables which are still in use. One of the most cherished customs is to drink on Grand Day to the 'glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the good Queen Bess.' *The Maske of Flowers*, which was resuscitated in honor of Her Majesty's jubilee on the 23d of June, '87, at half-past three in the afternoon, was in 1613-14 'presented by the gentlemen of Graies Inn, at the court of Whitehall, in the Banquetting-house, upon Twelfe Night, being the last of the solemnities and magnificences which were performed at the marriage of the Right Hon. the Earle of Somerset and the Lady Frances, daughter of the Earle of Suffolke, Lord Chamberlaine.' On Candlemas Day, 1633-34, a splendid masque was performed by gentlemen of the four Inns of Court before Charles I. at Whitehall. It was entitled *The Triumph of Peace*, and was intended as a protest against Prynne's *Histrio-mastix*. Narcissus Luttrell, in his diary, under the date February, 1682-83, says:—

> Sir Richard Gipps, master of the revells at Graies Inn, attended with his revellers and comptrollers, went to Whitehall the 23d of the last month in one of his Majesties coaches, with several noblemens coaches and six horses, to invite the King and Queen, the Duke and Dutchesse, and the rest of the Court to a mask at Graies Inn, the 2d inst., being Candlemas Day, and accordingly there was great preparation that day, diverse of the nobility and gentry in masks, who danced in the hall, and afterwards were entertained with a splendid banquet.

Masques continued to be held until about the middle of the 18th century.

The Maske of Flowers, by a few alterations, has been rendered as appropriate to the celebration of Her Majesty's jubilee as if it had been written in honor of that occasion in 1887 instead of in 1613. This work was undertaken and skilfully carried out by Mr. Arthur William A'Beckett, who edited the maske and modernized it, and whose production was under his superintendence.

THE LABOUCHERE MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.—Twickenham, Villa, that pleasant plot once so dear to the heart of the poet and early editor of Shakespeare, Alexander Pope, and now the domain of Mr. Labouchere, whose titles to fame his contemporaries best know, was made the scene of a pretty nineteenth century gambol on the evening of the 6th of August. Shakespeare was set out of doors again under new aggravations of the sylvan and nocturnal mixed and as the senior member for Northampton himself tells us Mr. Claude Ponsonby in a violet cloak and a fair wig succeeded in making

picturesque love to Miss Fortescue in the gleam of electric light beneath a big beech tree. Miss Fortescue clasped the back of her head with her hands, as though trying to keep it on, and spoke Shakespeare's lines with a strong French accent, to show she was an Athenian maiden. Miss Dorothy Dene hardly did justice to her studio training, and has an awkward trick of settling her draperies and tucking in her Greek garments before she goes to sleep on a grassy mound, that was avoided by the better taught heroine of the Savoy school; but, on the whole, the players wore their strange dresses with ease, and who knows but that *chiton* and *peplum* in this hot weather may not take the place of cricket flannels and petticoats? It was a really pretty scene, and I am distinctly of opinion that all pastoral playings should be by night. The performers somewhat dragged, and intoned their lines, and took everything too slowly, but for all that, they were an honest set of amorous phantoms, flitting in and out of the bushes and brushwood. Mr. G. A. Sala, with a marvellous make-up, enacted Bottom with good nature and a shocking stutter. He sang his song, stroked his long ears, fondled Miss Kate Vaughan, and hopped off with astonishing sprightliness—but he insisted on the irritating stutter—and as he happens to be a remarkably fluent speaker, this struck me as meaningless. The rest of the clowns were very grotesque. Lady Archibald Campbell—a recognized authority in these matters—chose to play Oberon, and make of the King of Fairyland a long, thin, reed-like creature, that rolled its r's, and was generally very mediæval and melancholy. Fairy kings are festive folk, so far as I have heard of them, and the part was wholly unsuited to this highly important and severely sorrowful lady.

As for Bottom's part, in particular, let the player himself speak. Who can do himself justice but George Augustus Sala. And he says—

The audience seemed to like it; at least, they laughed, and whether they were laughing with Bottom or at Bottom is to that philosophic weaver a matter of the profoundest indifference. Bottom's byplay was perhaps the most suggestive ever witnessed on any stage; it reminded one, in about equal proportions, of Edmund Kean in 'Sir Giles Overreach,' of Charles Kean in the 'Corsican Brothers,' of David Garrick in 'Abel Drugger,' of Macklin in 'Shylock,' of Dowton in 'Falstaff,' of Thespis in the celebrated tragedy of 'Wait for the Wagon,' of Joey Grimaldi in 'Mother Goose,' of John Kemble in 'Coriolanus,' and of Mr. J. L. Toole in 'The Pigskins.' It may be said without exaggeration that Betterton at his best was never better than was Bottom in the incidental episode of the ragged pocket-handkerchief. The famous song, too, beginning, 'The ousel cock so black of hue,' was given with a *brio*, a *sostenuto*, a *staccato*, a *morbidezza*, that would have made Mr. Santley, had he heard it, take a back seat. It was a splendid example of the *Sturm und Drang* of vocalism; and I only wonder that it did not frighten Titania into fits. Such a Titania! Such an airy, ethereal Queen of the Fays! How dulcet were her caresses; and what admirable taste she showed in selecting me as the object of her affections! O! Miss Kate Vaughan! Miss Kate Vaughan! But my fond heart, be still! Looming in the distance I see Mistress Bottom with *ὁ οτίχος*. I should have liked to see Bottom play the lion, and to have heard him roar like a sucking-dove; at all events he roared like a town bull in his concluding speech. He was bland, unctuous, eloquent, forcible, touching, emollient, artistic, genial, grotesque, hilarious, homogeneous, and truly amiable, and his jests were worth a guinea a box. It was a performance that children might cry for, and of which the prestige will descend to after ages. The pity of it is that this Bottom will never be seen again; and did I dream, I wonder, when I emerged from the wandering wood near Twickenham, that I seemed to hear spirit-voices mockingly murmuring that 'good' was scarcely the epithet to apply to Bottom's performance, and that, on the whole, there was no fool like an old fool?

Literary Notes.

When comes your book forth?
Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
—*Timon of Athens*, *I*, *i*, 26.

Mr. James Russell Lowell's lecture on *Richard III*, in Chicago, last February, furnishes the writer of *The Primrose Criticism* not only with his title and the pretext for his book, but also for the heavy-footed wit which set its clumsy mark on every page of its first part. Mr. Lowell, it will be remembered, confessed that, to him, *Richard III* looked like an ordinary primrose rather than a true Shakespearian flower of light, and his difficulties proceeding, as they did, from the peculiar point of view of a personal and skilled literary criticism, were of interest to every Shakespearian, although many a one must have thought those difficulties partly traceable to the common tendency not to allow Shakespeare margin enough for his own inferior moments—to the common mistake of supposing certain work, not otherwise considered doubtful, to be un-Shakespearian because it is not intrinsically the high-water-mark Shakespearian. The writer of this little book, however, has not allowed his dissent from Mr. Lowell's conclusions to take the temperate attitude of consideration which good taste would have suggested. And the whole tone of the first division of his book is unpleasant and unnecessary. Its only claim to the grace of critical irony is derived from Mr. Lowell's own slight reference to Peter Bell and his belaboured primrose, and is pushed to tedium. The facts insisted upon, that show the play of *Richard III* is not

classed among the apocryphal plays, are, of course, easily justifiable; and the compiler has summarized them here conveniently. He should not, however, in fairness, have ignored the discussion of the share borne by various hands and adaptations in this, as in others, of the historical plays. In the second division of his book, 'The Historical Basis of *Richard III*,' something of this necessarily transpires. Indeed, the further the writer gets from his assumption of a defence of Shakespeare, the better his reader fares. The sources of the play are given in a compact way that will prove useful to many students; and the third part, 'The Histrionic Richards,'—as the children's couplet goes, 'the best of all the game,'—in the collection of information it gives of the greater Richards of the stage, adds to the second part in making this attractively bound and printed book, a handy volume of facts about the play, and not so transitory and useless a piece of controversy as the first part alone would declare it to be.

(*Richard the Third and The Primrose Criticism.* Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1887. 16mo. 164 pp. $1.00.)

A GOOD BOOK on that etymological maze, English words, which could afford a sound preparation for advanced studies in English language and literature, yet which could serve as a text-book and reduce the leading principles of English Philology to the comprehension of boys and girls at the higher schools, without being a mere 'Scholar's Companion' or a compendium of centipede words to memorize, is what Professor McElroy has meant to make his *Essential Lessons in English Etymology.* His plan opens by asking the attention of the student to a story, from whence he may be shown its compound and derivative and thence its simple words, himself learn to pick these words out, to characterize and know them, and therewith learn much of their meaning, history and relationship. This study proceeds by means of a number of carefully graded and attractive lessons, based always on extracts from good English writers. The relation of sound and articulation to words is shown in the fourth chapter, in a way that will be sure to interest the

pupil, but it is not made to usurp the place of the relation of thought to words, as it always did in the 'spellers' of our fathers. Several further chapters are of especial value, because they give in no perfunctory, but in a clear and intelligible way, the main results of recent philological study in their elucidation of the English language and its related tongues, and the development or modification of the meaning of words.

(*Essential Lessons in English Etymology.* John G. R. McElroy, A.M., Professor of Rhetoric and the English Language in the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: John E. Potter & Co. Sm. 16mo. 318 pp. 75 cts.)

THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE, Vol. I., containing *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, has gone to press. Three other volumes are in manuscript ready for the printer, and this extensive undertaking of the New York Shakespeare Society has now the certainty of appearance; the requisite funds, we are told, for the entire edition of twenty volumes having been secured. The edition will be line-numbered as to both the earliest and latest texts; the quarto texts collated by signatures; the folio, by columns and lines. This notation has been decided upon after considerable deliberation and debate, and adopted by the Society after reference to a committee consisting of Messrs. Adee, Price, Fleming, Frey, and Morgan.

A PROMINENT member of the Bacon Society confesses, we hear, to its great dissatisfaction with the *North American Review* articles of Mr. Donnelly, which, in spite of the diplomatic attitude, thought wise, and repeated delays which gave ground for suspicion, it had looked forward to with the favorable interest of those who would be glad to believe and endorse. Yet now that the final fore-running messages of the prophet in the wilderness are cried abroad, he finds them —so runs the plaint — 'more provoking than ever.' Indeed the rumor reaches us that a report is now drawn up and awaiting the sufferance of a committee of the Bacon Society, which might almost be taken for an attack upon the apostle of the Cipher. That this

report will be allowed to pass is, probably, unlikely enough. For the second thought of any member of the Bacon Society—as indeed of many imperturbable Shakespearians—must be an acknowledgment of the fact that not yet has knowledge enough been vouchsafed us upon the assumed laws of correspondence between the position and order of certain words and the number of misprints in an important bit of seventeenth century typography, to warrant anybody in saying anything is either provable by what we have yet heard of the Cipher process or impossible to make seem less unplausible than it now appears. Mrs. Pott, we know (see Sept. SHAKESPEARIANA, p. 438), is generous enough to trust in the coincidences revealed, and to wait patiently for further light. That this is as much as so ardent a Baconian can do is sufficient token of the attitude other Baconians have now to subside into; it is, also, perhaps, the best comment that can be furnished on the abeyant nature of Mr. Donnelly's utterances and their adaptation to the promotion of the sale of *The Great Cryptogam.*

THE NEWSPAPER notices the Donnelly theory has occasioned are more than may be, now, indicated here. But all of them, from Prof. Thomas Davidson's 'broadside' of 14 columns in the New York *World* of Aug. 28th, to the thrice-told squib in the corner of the village weekly gazette, have fallen into Mr. W. H. Wyman's bibliographical net, and in due season will stand recorded in their order on his list in SHAKESPEARIANA to witness the height reached, in the year 1887, by this curious discussion of an antique matter made current. The judicious bibliographer of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy writes us that the news-clippings on this subject have been coming in to him by the hundreds a day, and his task of assorting and sifting the mass is now under way.

THOSE PEOPLE who count the President of the New York Shakespeare Society among the Baconians, may find in *The Critic* of Aug. 6th, a few words in a letter of Mr. Appleton Morgan's that seem to be a decided disavowal of such a position. The letter concerns itself

with a discussion on general literary criticism, in the course of which this example occurs:—

To take a case with which I happen to be familiar: Mrs. Potts's *Promus of Formularies and Elegancies* was a work extremely caviare to the general, and extremely refined and occult in its methods. But its advent was considered important enough (as it touched upon a question just then of considerable popular interest—*viz.*, the authorship of Shakespeare) to be telegraphed across the Atlantic, and its appearance here was looked for with curiosity. Immediately upon its arrival, however, it was carefully reviewed by the late eminent Richard Grant White, to whom (as to myself and to most of us) the idea of Francis Bacon being the real Shakespeare was impossible, not to say intolerable. The result was that Mr. White's criticism was read by everybody, and the book by nobody. Doubtless had the situation been reversed, and nobody read the review and everybody read the book, the verdict (that the *Promus* did not prove the Baconian authorship) would have been the same.

Shakespeariana in Current Periodicals. — *D'Avenant's Relationship to Shakespeare* is discussed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April (pp. 413–16), in 'Table Talk,' under the time-honored editorial signature 'Sylvanus Urban.'

The familiar gossip is again retailed. No defence is given of Aubrey by way of upholding his part in the story. Malone's testimony for him, as one who 'in all matters of fact may be safely relied on' (Boswell's Malone's *Shakespeare* of 1821, vol. II, p. 694), not even being referred to. Instead, the question under which his accuracy has lain is quite ignored in a sentence which speaks of the tradition that Sir Wm. Davenant was the son of Shakespeare, as a view which 'seems to have commended itself to antiquaries and biographers so careful as Aubrey, Oldys, Anthony à Wood and Malone.' This grouping of authorities under the same adjective for all, 'careful,' is misleading, and calls for a dose of Halliwell-Phillipps that may be taken from page 216 of the first volume of *The Outlines*:—

Sufficient is known of the family history of the Davenants, and of their social position and respectability, to enable us to be certain that this onslaught upon the lady's reputation is a scandalous mis-statement. Anthony Wood also, the conscientious Oxonian biographer, who had the free use of Aubrey's papers, eliminates every kind of insinuation against

the character of either Shakespeare or Mrs. Davenant. He may have known from reliable sources that there could have been no truth in the alleged illegitimacy, and any how he had no doubt the independent sagacity to observe that the reception of the libel involved extravagant admissions.

The writer, however, adds an interesting reference, sometimes lost sight of, which occurs in *The Incomparable Poem Gondibert, vindicated from the Wit-Combats of Four Esquires, Clinias, Dametas, Sancho, and Jack Pudding* (1665), a satire upon Davenant's *Gondibert*. Davenant, in his poem, had sought to derive his name from Avenant, which he spoke of as an Italian town, and a hit upon this, striking back into the days when Shakespeare baited at the Crown Inn, Oxford, on his way to and from London, seems to appear in the following lines:—

> Your wits have further than you rode,
> You needed not to have gone abroad—
> D'Avenant from Avon comes.

But it must be seen that this is no more authoritative as evidence of the fact alleged than any other reference would be to a floating scandal purposely made much of by malicious pens, and in this case also the more tempting to the satirist on account of the chance for a pun.

In the same magazine, the May number, W. J. Fitzpatrick writes on *The Original of Sir John Falstaff* (pp. 428–446). He claims that 'had Oldys been urged by Fastolf's representatives to whitewash his reputation—and I do not say he was—he could not attempt it in a more energetic spirit,' that it is his words as given in the old *Biographia Britannica* in Fastolf's praise which 'crop up unchanged in nearly every cyclopædia or biographical dictionary which one opens.' In a word, Mr. Fitzpatrick tries to make out a case against Fastolf as Shakespeare's original of Falstaff, adducing also some recently-found documents which are curious enough to stand in need of fuller attestation. They are given as follows:—

Memorandum Roll. Exchequer. 3 Henry IV., Mem. 19. Grant from Thomas of Lancaster, son of Henry IV. and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Seneschal of England, to John Fastolf and John Radcliff of the

office of 'Chief Butler of Ireland' which was in the King's hands by reason of the minority of James, son and heir of James Butler, Earl of Ormond, deceased, who held the same of the King in capite together with the prizage of all wines coming or imported into the country, and all fees, profits and commodities whatsoever appertaining to the office.

Patent Roll. Chancery. Ireland. 3 Henry IV., No. 217. The King, for the good and lawful service which his well-beloved Esquire, John Fastolf has performed towards him and his most dearly beloved son, Thomas of Lancaster, grants to him a certain house in the custody of one Edward Berry, Prior of the Church of the Most Holy Trinity, as a Deodand forfeited to the King for the murder of a little boy, and also another horse which belonged to Mathew Ledwich as a Deodand forfeited for the murder of the said Mathew.

Two letters of Mr. Sidney L. Lee to *The Academy* of May 14th (p. 344), and May 28th (p. 380), on *Shylock and his Predecessors*, should not escape the notice of American Shakespearians. They add to the well-known sources of the plot of *The Merchant of Venice* found in Fiorentino's *Il Pecorone*, the *Gesta Romanorum* and the precedent ballad of *Gernutus*, Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, and the play mentioned by Gosson in 1579; another play 'invariably overlooked by the commentators,' a play printed in 1584, 'as it hath been publiquely played,' a right excellent and famous comedy called *The Three Ladies of London* . . . written by R[obert] W[ilson]. Mr. J. P. Collier reprinted the play in 1851, and Mr. W. C. Hazlitt added it to his Dodsley in 1874, 'but neither,' says Mr. Lee, 'examined it in close connection with *The Merchant of Venice*. The play is stupid for it belongs to the transition period from mystery and morality plays to the robuster English drama.' The three ladies are Fame, Love, and Conscience, and the plot has to do with their encounters with Lucre, Fraud, Usury and other abstractions of worldly evil, and its purpose is to expose abuses of London society. The story is of one Mercatore, an Italian merchant, who speaks broken English and comes to England to traffic in imported luxuries and export English products. The scenes are laid in London, and afterward in Turkey, where he goes to buy up jewels, and meets a Jew, Gerontus,

who proves an old acquaintance. He has lent him money, he fled the country to avoid paying. The Jew now allows him five days in which to pay it, and Mercatore still delaying, the Jew grows abusive, puts him under arrest, and brings him before the Judge. But in Court, the wily merchant 'turns Turk,' dons Turkish weeds, and disclaims his Christianity, by this process being freed from debt by Turkish law; Gerontus then begs him for his principal only, offering to forgive him the rest; then agrees to take half and be content, but Mercatore replies—

> No point da half, no point denier:
> Me will be a Turk: I say,
> Me be weary of my Christ's religion.

The Judge is forced to release him, though he is as much disgusted as the Jew with the merchant's trickiness, the more so when upon Gerontus forgiving him the whole debt he avails himself of the opportunity to turn Christian again and follow his own devices, the Judge taking occasion of this exhibition of unrighteousness to sum up the moral to the effect that the Jew seeks to excel the Christian in Christianity, and the Christian the Jew in Jewishness.

It is evident enough, as Mr. Lee says, that there is no real obligation of Shakespeare's play to this; but it was reprinted in 1592, and was then still popular, and Shakespeare is likely to have known of it, and, moreover, there are several curious points of resemblance; the Jew's resentment of Mercatore's flouts, his order for the merchant's arrest, his praise of the Judge, the exact amount of the loan and the time allowed, three thousand ducats for three months. This time and sum are not found in any of the other plays mentioned as instrumental in determining Shakespeare's plot. In *Il Pecorone* it is 10,000 ducats, the time being unspecified; in the ballad it is one hundred crowns for twelve months. The names, Gerontus and Gernutus, are so nearly identical and not known elsewhere, that they would seem to indicate, with other presumptive evidence (so Mr. Lee concludes), that the ballad was written before, or while, the play was popular, 1584–92, and, in any case, earlier than Shakespeare's plays. In another way still *The Three Ladies* is of interest, in connection with

the genesis of *The Merchant of Venice*. Shakespeare's choice of a Jew has seemed to be a puzzle to some critics and historians, who suppose it settled that there were no Jews in England between 1290 and 1635, though there is evidence enough to show that Elizabethan England was not free from Jews who exercised themselves in the traits and occupations supposed to be typical of the race, as, for example, in *Everie Man in his Humour*, we may read 'You may buy a good suit at a Jewes.' And to 'multiply instances of Jews on the stage removes all difficulty as to Shakespeare's choice, besides confirming the theory that he had opportunities of personally studying Jewish life in London.'

In his second paper Mr. Lee makes further claim that it is capable of demonstration that *The Merchant of Venice* is an adaptation of the older play and may be put in the same category with *The Taming of the Shrew* and the early histories. Gosson's statement showing that a similar plot was seen on the stage in 1579, and Edmund Spenser's letter to Gabriel Harvey in the same year (see SHAKESPEARIANA), affording corroboration of Gosson's reference to the lost play of *The Jewe*. Five years later *The Three Ladies of London* was printed. There is but one way to explain the curious resemblances. The phraseology and subsidiary action of both plays owed something to a common source.

Looking upon the Jewish episode in *The Three Ladies* as little more than a fragment of the lost play of 1579, Mr. Lee regards the ballad of *Gernutus the Jew* as a version of the lost play's plot. 'Its archaic tone justifies as early a date as 1579; and, I find on Dec. 7, 1580, a ballad (not now extant) entitled *An Example of Usurie*, was entered in the Stationers' Registers.' He concludes by urging future editors to reform altogether their accounts of the source of plot and artistic details in Fiorentino's story since it never appeared in English or French dress in Shakespeare's day, and the only edition known was printed at Milan in 1598, and therefore to assume he had recourse to this volume is to credit him with a knowledge of Italian not elsewhere exhibited. Similar objection can not be brought against

the *Gesta Romanorum*, but since Gosson tells us 'the greedinesse of worldly chusers' was one of the motives of the lost play, the *Gesta Romanorum* source theory is, he considers, supererogatory. In short, he is inclined to ascribe Shakespeare's knowledge of the story solely to the lost play of *The Jewe*.

Few, if any, English writers of any eminence are there whose special bent and literary growth have not been fostered by the beneficent influence of Shakespeare. It is of interest to know, from the recent biography of her, by her sister, that the author of the *Lives of the Queens of England and of Scotland*, as a mere child, was touched deeply by the Poet's spirit. To Agnes, as to her gifted sister Elizabeth, the historical plays were especially attractive. This is the story of their first acquaintance with the book of English books, as their sister tells it:—

> Mr. Strickland, who took charge of his elder daughters' education, did not permit them the use of books of amusement, unless these were of a superior order, and were calculated to form their minds and morals; nor did he allow them to choose for themselves from the stores of his own library. This restriction was in part lessened by a volume of Shakespeare falling into his young daughters' hands, and exciting their lively enthusiasm, Agnes declaring that she would never read any other book in her leisure hours; but Elizabeth, less imaginative, was more reasonable in her admiration of our immortal bard. They both, however, committed the finest passages of *Julius Cæsar* to memory. But Agnes could not keep their acquisition from her father, who was too much pleased and surprised at the fruits of their disobedience to give them the reproof they expected to receive. He gave them leave to read Shakespeare in future, considering that their infant innocence would prevent them from receiving injury from those loose passages which the coarse manners of the age in which they were written had not only tolerated, but probably admired.

Pope's Homer succeeded Shakespeare, and Agnes learned many of the books of the Iliad by heart; and the copy, by the way, from which she learned the mighty verse, was Sir Isaac Newton's subscription copy, Mr. Strickland's first wife being the great-niece of Newton. Stories of heroes and the 'sad deaths of kings' were the natural food of these incipient historians, and it nourished their childish pleasures as well as their future life-work. To this witness the following:—

The village of Reydon was an agricultural one, and afforded the young ladies of the Hall no companions: thus they were thrown upon their own resources entirely for recreation. Agnes, who had never seen a play in her life, resolved, with the aid of her four younger sisters, to act some scenes from Shakespeare, and selected the second part of *Henry VI* for their *début*. As they all had good memories, she did not find much trouble in drilling her youthful company. Agnes, who, like her warlike ancestors, was a strict Lancastrian, could not induce Elizabeth to join her, for she was a staunch Yorkist, and they sometimes fell out while discussing those ancient politics. This new amusement lasted a whole winter, till Agnes, struck with the poetical beauty of Clarence's dream, resolved, with the assistance of her next sister, to perform the murder-scene in *Richard III*—she herself taking the part of the doomed prince, while Sarah was to play the part of a good listener in Brackenbury, and also to take that of the first nameless villain. The scene came off very well till the entrance of the murderers, whose arch, blooming, juvenile faces did not accord with their evil intentions towards the hapless prisoner. A mis-timed fit of risibility on their part overcame the gravity of the death-doomed Clarence, and the scene ended not in a tragedy but a comedy.

Several years later, while on a visit, 'for the first time in her life Agnes saw a play'—Shakespeare's *Henry VIII*—and we read that she was delighted with this representation, 'which realized her own vivid conception of the characters introduced in that noble drama.'

When fully launched upon the tide of work that filled her life, after her father's death, she received the following note, which it may be well to record here, from the enthusiastic French translator of Shakespeare, the son of the great French poet. It was addressed simply to Miss Agnes Strickland, authoress of *The Lives of the Queens of England*, and no further bill of particulars was needed, for it came safely to hand. It was written from the place of exile in the Jersey Islands where father and son, meeting in a common labor, made their hard and barren hours of expatriation fruitful and memorable by the introduction the one wrote, and the translation the other worked out, evidently with more care for accuracy in details than his great father has shown in his eloquent panegyric.

MADAM:—I read, in your interesting *History of Queen Elizabeth*, this passage: 'A few days after, the Lord Chamberlain's players acted before

him Sir John Oldcastle, or *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, to his great contentment' (ed. 1844, p. 247). In a note at the bottom of the page you mention the Sidney papers as the source from whence you have drawn this curious information. Would you have the goodness to give me a copy of the original extract of which you have made use? This copy would assist me in clearing up a problem in historical literature which has hitherto appeared inexplicable. Excuse, madam, my importunity, and accept the homage of my profound respect.

FRANÇOIS VICTOR HUGO.

Hauteville House, Guernsey.

One more gleaning from this interesting biography may be pertinently made here. In one of her letters, mentioning the promise of Mr. Milne to give her some important documents regarding St. Margaret and Lady Macbeth, Agnes goes on to say, 'the last being the rightful queen-regnant of Scotland,' whereupon Miss Jane Strickland adds this note:—

It certainly would have given a shade of interest to the character of Lady Macbeth if Shakespeare had followed the history of Scotland more closely. His gracious Duncan had murdered her father and usurped his throne. She sees in the sleeping monarch a likeness to his victim, and says:—

> I had done it, had he not resembled
> My father when he slept.

(*Life of Agnes Strickland*, by her sister, Jane Margaret Strickland. Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1887. 16mo. 388 pp.)

Miscellany.

To knit again
This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf.
—*Titus Andronicus*, V, iii, 70.

THE EXTRAORDINARY CIPHER NARRATIVE.—A more curious narrative was never told. It is neither brief nor vague, but long and almost painfully minute. The style is robust and terse, like that of the best Elizabethan writers. It is what the Germans call *derb*. The story, as far as developed by Mr. Donnelly, reads almost like one of *Plutarch's Lives* in Lord North's translation. It consists of twenty-five chapters, of which the headings are as follows:

Chapter I.—The Treasonable Plan of Richard II., published by Richard Field.

II.—The Treasonable History of Henry IV., written by Dr. Hayward.

III.—Robert Cecil's suspicions aroused.

IV.—Hayward brought before the Queen.

V.—Cecil declares Shakespeare to be but a mask for Bacon.

VI.—To prove it he tells the story of Shakespeare's youth, of his robbery of Sir Thomas Lucy's Park, and the destruction of his fish pond.

VII.— He describes Shakespeare's appearance when he first came to London; and declares him incapable of writing the plays.

VIII.—He asserts the purpose of the historical plays to be to dignify rebellion and encourage treason in the interest of the Scotch King.

IX.—On hearing this the Queen rises up, beats Hayward with her crutch and nearly kills him.

X.—The Queen defends Bacon and rebukes Cecil. She sends out posts to find Shakespeare, with orders to arrest him on the old charge of robbery and put him to the torture if he will not tell the author of the plays.

XI.—The Earl (Essex) sends Umfreyville to St. Albans to warn Bacon to fly. He overtakes Harry Percy.

XII.—Bacon hears the dreadful news. His brother Anthony urges him to go to the Continent. The discussion between the brothers.

XIII.—Bacon overwhelmed with the horrors of his position.

XIV.—He resolves on suicide and takes ratsbane.

XV.—He falls in the orchard, cutting his head on the stones; he is found and carried into the house.

XVI.—His mother's grief and rage. He counterfeits death to give the poison time to work. His family thinks he has been slain in a duel, or been assaulted by robbers. His stomach rejects the arsenic.

XVII.—The loquacious village doctor; his treatment of the case. He pronounces it an apoplectic fit caused by over-study.

XVIII.—Anthony learns that Shakespeare is not with the players, but sick at Stratford.

XIX.—Percy is sent to Stratford on a swift horse to urge Shakespeare to fly the country.

XX.—The sick Shakespeare at Stratford.

XXI.—Shakespeare's beautiful daughter.

XXII.—The supper at Stratford.

XXIII.—Percy tells Shakespeare the news and urges him to fly.

XXIV.—The uproar in the family—the brawl.

XXV.—Shakespeare decides to fly.

Here is a portion of chap. ix., containing the story of the Queen's treatment of Hayward, the writer of the Treasonable History of Henry IV.: 'Her Grace was in a fearful passion, and rising up, struck your poor friend with the steel end of her big heavy crutch. The poor wretch took to his heels; but the ill-tempered old jade followed him, striking him again and again on the head and sides of his body. His health was not good, his limbs were weakened with a fever he had had. His joints gave way under him, and he fell to the earth.

She doth bestride him and takes him by the beard, and, bending down, beats him till the stick breaks.' Such is the pleasant picture which the cipher narrative gives us of Elizabeth. Such is the barest outline of an extensive narrative which Mr. Donnelly has worked out, but which he conceives to be but the earnest of a much longer one. It is certainly startling in the highest degree, and Mr. Donnelly cannot expect to have it accepted without a struggle. There is some consolation in thinking that, if he should fail to convince people of the historic truth of his narrative, he can easily turn it into an historical novel, which, I venture to predict, will enjoy a wide popularity.

THOMAS DAVIDSON in *The World*, Aug. 28th.

ROGERS' SHAKESPEARIAN TABLE-TALK.—I cannot relish Shakespeare's *Sonnets*. The song in *As You Like It*, 'Blow, blow, thou winter wind' is alone worth them all.

Do not allow yourself to be imposed upon by the authority of great names: there is not a little both in Shakespeare and in Milton that is very far from good. The famous passage in *Hamlet*, though it has passed into a sort of proverbial expression, is downright nonsense,—

> A custom
> More honour'd in the breach than the observance.*
>
> —I, iv, 15.

How can a custom be honored in the breach of it?

Some speeches in *Paradise Lost* have as much dramatic force as anything in Shakespeare; for instance,—

> Know ye not, then, said Satan fill'd with scorn,
> Know ye not me? Ye knew me once no mate
> For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar, etc.
>
> —B IV, 827.

It is remarkable that no poet before Shakespeare ever introduced a person *walking in sleep*. I believe there is no allusion to such a circumstance in any of the Greek or Latin poets. What a play that is!

* Cf. the following line of a play attributed to Jonson, Fletcher and Middleton:
'He keeps his promise best that break with hell.'
Dyce's Remarks on Collier's and Knight's edition of Shakespeare, p. 210,
—*The Widow*, III, ii.

Was there ever such a ghost?—'the table's full!' I never missed going to see it, when Kemble and Mrs. Siddons played Macbeth and Lady Macbeth; their noble acting, and Locke's fine music made it a delightful treat.

Porson used to say that something may be pleaded as a sort of excuse for the wickedness of the worst characters in Shakespeare. For instance, Iago is tortured by suspicions that Othello has been too intimate with his wife; Richard the III, the murderer of children, has been bitterly taunted by one of the young princes, etc.

One day, during dinner at Pisa, when Shelley and Trelawney were with us, Byron chose to run down Shakespeare (for whom he, like Sheridan, either had, or pretended to have, little admiration). I said nothing. But Shelley immediately took up the defence of the great poet, and conducted it in his usual meek yet resolute manner unmoved by the rude things with which Byron interrupted him,—'Oh, that's very well *for an atheist*,' etc.

—*Samuel Rogers' Table-Talk.*

SELECTED REPRINTS.

PART VIII.—PREFACE TO POPE'S EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE.—1725.

Continued from September number.

But as to his *want* of *learning*, it may be necessary to say something more; there is certainly a vast difference between *learning* and *languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine; but it is plain he had much reading at least, if they will not call it learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge whether he has it from one language or another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taste of natural philosophy, mechanicks, ancient and modern history, poetical learning, and mythology: we find him very knowing in the customs, rites, and manners of antiquity. In Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar, not only the spirit, but manners of the Romans are exactly drawn; and still a nicer distinction is shown between the manners of Romans in the time of the former, and of the latter. His reading in the ancient historians is no less conspicuous, in many references to particular passages: and the speeches copied from Plutarch in Coriolanus may, I think, as well be made an instance of his learning, as those copied from Cicero in Catiline of Ben Jonson's. The manners of other nations in general, the Egyptians, Venetians, French, etc., are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of science, he either speaks of or describes, it is always with competent, if not extensive knowledge: his descriptions are still exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each subject. When he treats of ethick or politick, we may constantly observe a wonderful justness of distinction, as well as extent of comprehension. No one is more a master

of the political story, or has more frequent allusions to the various parts of it: Mr. Waller (who has been celebrated for this last particular) has not shown more learning this way than Shakspeare. We have translations from Ovid, published in his name, among those poems which pass for his, and for some of which we have undoubted authority (being published by himself, and dedicated to his noble patron the Earl of Southampton: he appears also to have been conversant in Plautus, from whom he has taken the plot of one of his plays: he follows the Greek authors, and particularly, Dares Phrygius, in another (although I will not undertake to say in what language he read them). The modern Italian writers of *novels* he was manifestly acquainted with; and we may conclude him to be no less conversant with the ancients of his own country, from the use he has made of Chaucer in Troilus and Cressida, and in The Two Noble Kinsmen, if that play be his, as there goes a tradition it was (and indeed it has little resemblance of Fletcher, and more of our author than some of those which have been received as genuine).

I am inclined to think this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the partizans of our author and Ben Jonson; as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expence of the other. It is ever the nature of parties to be in extremes; and nothing is so probable, as that because Ben Jonson had much the more learning, it was said on the one hand that Shakspeare had no learning at all; and because Shakspeare had much the most wit and fancy, it was retorted on the other, that Jonson wanted both. Because Shakspeare borrowed nothing, it was said that Ben Jonson borrowed everything. Because Jonson did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece; and because Shakspeare wrote with ease and rapidity, they cried he never once made a blot. Nay the spirit of opposition ran so high, that whatever those of the one side objected to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into praises; as injudiciously as their antagonists before had made them objections.

Poets are always afraid of envy; but surely they have as much reason to be afraid of admiration. They are the Scylla and Charybdis of authors; those who escape one, often fall by the other. *Pessimum genus inimicorum laudantes*, says Tacitus; and Virgil desires to wear a charm against those who praise a poet without rule or reason:—

——— si ultra placitum laudarit, baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat——

But however this contention might be carried on by the partizans on either side, I cannot help thinking these two great poets were good friends, and lived on amicable terms, and in offices of society with each other. It is an acknowledged fact, that Ben Jonson was introduced upon the stage, and his first works encouraged by Shakspeare. And after his death, that author writes, *To the memory of his beloved William Shakespeare*, which shows as if the friendship had continued through life. I cannot for my own part find anything *invidious* or *sparing* in those verses,

but wonder Mr. Dryden was of that opinion. He exalts him not only above all his contemporaries, but above Chaucer and Spenser, whom he will not allow to be great enough to be ranked with him; and challenges the names of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus, nay, all Greece and Rome at once, to equal him: and (which is very particular) expressly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *art*, not enduring that all his excellencies should be attributed to *nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praise he gives him in his *Discoveries* seems to proceed from a *personal kindness*: he tells us, that he loved the man, as well as honoured his memory; celebrates the honesty, openness, and frankness of his temper; and only distinguishes, as he reasonably ought, between the real merit of the author and the silly and derogatory applauses of the players.

Ben Jonson might, indeed, be sparing in his commendations (though certainly he is not so in this instance) partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment. For men of judgment think they do any man more service in praising him justly, than lavishly. I say I would fain believe they were friends, though the violence and ill-breeding of their followers and flatterers were enough to give rise to the contrary report. I hope that it may be with *parties*, both in wit and state as with those monsters described by the poets; and that their *heads* at least may have something human, though their *bodies* and *tails* are wild beasts and serpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave rise to the opinion of Shakspeare's want of learning; so what has continued it down to us may have been the many blunders and illiteracies of the first publishers of his works. In these editions their ignorance shines in almost every page; nothing is more common than *Actus tertia*, *Exit omnes*, *Enter three witches solus*.* Their French is as bad as their Latin, both in construction and spelling: their very Welsh is false. Nothing is more likely than that those palpable blunders of Hector's quoting Aristotle, with others of that gross kind, sprung from the same root: it not being at all credible that these could be the errors of any man who had the least tincture of a school, or the least conversation with such as had. Ben Jonson (whom they will not think partial to him) allows him at least to have had *some* Latin; which is utterly inconsistent with mistakes like these. Nay, the constant blunders in proper names of persons and places, are such as must have proceeded from a man who had not so much as read any history in any language: so could not be Shakspeare's.

I shall now lay before the reader some of those almost innumerable errors, which have risen from one source, the ignorance of the players, both as his actors, and as his editors. When the nature and kinds of these are enumerated and considered, I dare say that not Shakspeare only, but Aristotle or Cicero, had their works undergone the same fate, might have appeared to want sense as well as learning.

* This blunder appears to be of Mr. Pope's own invention. It is not found in any one of the four folio copies of *Macbeth*, and there is no quarto edition of it extant.—STEEVENS.

It is not certain that any one of his plays was published by himself. During the time of his employment in the theatre, several of his pieces were printed separately in quarto. What makes me think that most of these were not published by him, is the excessive carelessness of the press: every page is so scandalously false-spelled, and almost all the learned and unusual words so intolerably mangled, that it is plain there either was no corrector to the press at all, or one totally illiterate. If any were supervised by himself, I should fancy the two parts of Henry the Fourth, and Midsummer-Night's Dream, might have been so: because I find no other printed with any exactness; and (contrary to the rest) there is very little variation in all the subsequent editions of them. There are extant two prefaces to the first quarto edition of Troilus and Cressida in 1609, and to that of Othello: by which it appears that the first was published without his knowledge or consent, and even before it was acted, so late as seven or eight years before he died: and that the latter was not printed till after his death. The whole number of genuine plays which we have been able to find printed in his lifetime, amounts but to eleven. And of some of these, we meet with two or more editions by different printers, each of which has whole heaps of trash different from the other: which I should fancy was occasioned by their being taken from different copies belonging to different play-houses.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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